

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark blue color, framing the central text.

Richie and Eddie Versus the First Time

*The Time Richie Got
The Flu - III*

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Richie and Eddie Versus the First Time by MellytheHun

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Summary:

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"Help me?" Eddie wonders quietly, "How?"

"Tell me first," Stan demands softly, pausing the motion of his dominant hand, but not moving his gaze up from the paper, "Tell me first, whether you want Richie like that. You know the deal."

[Note: characters are 16 in this fic, which I know is not considered 'underage,' in some states, but just to be safe, I tagged it anyway!]

Richie and Eddie Versus the First Time

Author's Note:

I promised smut for this sick!fic series, and here we are. Sorry it took so long to write! I have like 20 reddie WIPs going on XD Enjoy the porn!

Eddie, Stan, and Bill have study hall together every other day, and when Stan departs from their table in search of a different textbook, Eddie takes the opportunity to sigh over his spiral notebook, and ask, as casually as he can, “so, the last time you spoke to Richie about me, did he mention whether or not he was gonna make a move any time soon?”

“N-No way,” Bill laughs, consumed by his book, “Richie’s waiting for you to - !”

Jumping in his seat, Bill’s head shoots up, looking wide-eyed at Eddie, who’s glaring expectantly at him.

“He’s waiting on *me* ? He’s so fuckin’ lazy.”

“W-Wait! I didn’t - I didn’t mean to s-say anything! Th-that was a d-dirty t-trick, Eddie!”

“Dirty?!” Eddie stage-whispers furiously, “Me?! What about you!? You two, gossiping about me behind my back!? For God knows how long!?”

Bill blushes, leans further over the library table, and whispers back, "it's not l-like that! We don't *g-gossip* ! He j-just n-needed someone t-to-to t-talk to!"

"How long?"

"Eddie," Bill sighs, shaking his head, "R-Richie will already b-be r-really upset with m-me if he fi-finds out I sp-spilled the b-beans."

"A year?"

"Eddie," Bill warns.

"More than a year? Two years?" Eddie interrogates incredulously when Bill doesn't stop him, " *Three* ?"

"Oh my God," Bill bemoans, laying his head over his arms on the tabletop.

"It was in eighth grade."

Eddie twists around to stare at Stan, who's looking down at him with a cocked brow.

"He, Mike, Bill and I went to Kevin Tully's birthday party that year,

and he'd gotten into his parents' liquor cabinet to spread the good cheer. Richie went overboard, of course, and while on the brink of alcohol poisoning, vomiting obscenely on the Tully family's gardenias in the backyard, he complained that he wanted to see you."

While trying to squash the warm fuzzies that gives Eddie - because the image of Richie vomiting into someone's lovely garden should in no way evoke lovey-dovey feelings - Eddie flushes to his ears, feels the back of his neck burn. He begins wondering if, perhaps anytime Richie feels ill, he hopes Eddie will arrive with medicine, and a kind bedside manner.

He can't help liking the idea - it's sweet, to think up, that Richie wishes for him like a salve for a wound, that even when he can't keep his head on straight, he can still think of Eddie.

"I told Mike to go get some water for him, and then it was just Bill and me, keeping his glasses safe, and our shoes out of the way," Stan explains, "He focused on Bill, and forgot I was there. I still think he should've gone to the hospital that night, but he didn't - anyway, he looked at Bill, and said some incriminating things. It's been my understanding that he and Bill discuss that night, and the things he said, with no regularity, but enough that he considers Bill his confidant."

"Stan!" Bill scolds, looking outraged.

Stan shrugs, sitting down beside Eddie again, "what? He knew already, and there's little point in trying to keep it from Eddie. After all, Mike figured it out a year ago, it wasn't going to take Eddie much longer, and I heard everything he said that night too, whether he remembers me being there or not, and -"

“You’re just m-mad that he ch-chose me t-to c-confide in over you,” Bill interrupts, smirking.

Stan’s pout is very telling.

“I was his friend before you!”

“He was d-drunk, and you were q-q-quiet!” Bill argues, “I’m s-sure that if he r-remembered you’d b-been there t-too, he’d have g-gone to you f-first!”

“Shh!” they all hear from an aisle over.

The boys quiet down, and then Eddie glances at Stan shyly, unsure if he wants to know the answer to the question he’s about to ask.

“What incriminating things did he say?”

“D-Don’t,” Bill whispers to Stan, “R-Richie t-trusts us.”

“Richie trusts me too!” Eddie argues, snapping his head to look at Bill, “This isn’t fair!”

“Are you thinking about doing something about it?” Stan asks frankly.

Eddie turns his attention back to Stan, and tells him, “I don’t know. He said stuff - he was high on cold medicine the last two nights, and he said stuff to me, stuff... I don’t know. I don’t know how much of it was just... Richie being... I don’t know.”

“If you’re contemplating dating him, Eddie -”

Inhaling incorrectly on a gasp of mortification, Eddie chokes on his own spit for a solid ten seconds, drawing unwanted attention from the librarian; he soothes her ire by making a show of pulling out his inhaler, and taking a hit from it. Her pity for his imaginary condition is enough to send her away from them, for the time being.

He hadn’t thought about it in terms like that - *dating* Richie - what would that even *look* like?

Stan recaptures Eddie’s focus, and begins again, “if you’re taking Richie seriously, Eddie, I’ll tell you what he said that night, but if you’re not serious about Richie, then let it go, and *never* bring it up again.”

Both Bill and Eddie are surprised by Stan’s no-nonsense tone, and Eddie asks, “... why?”

“Because I love you all, but Richie is my best friend. He’s an asshole,

and he makes me crazy, but I'm not going to let him walk blindly to any gallows," Stan elaborates, crossing his arms over his chest, leaning back in his chair, "I think you care about Richie more than you like to let on, Eddie, and I think you'd date him, given the chance. I think you like him like that."

Eddie thinks his entire head might be on fire for how hot his face is.

He doesn't respond.

"But if I'm wrong," Stan says with a sigh, turning back toward the table, back to his school work, "then leave him alone. I'll take care of him, and you'll keep a good distance until I know he'll be alright, and then we'll all pick up wherever we left off."

There's a pregnant pause, and as Stan begins to scribble notes down, he adds on, "but, if you want him, Eddie, I'll help you get him."

"Help me?" Eddie wonders quietly, "How?"

"Tell me first," Stan demands softly, pausing the motion of his dominant hand, but not moving his gaze up from the paper, "Tell me first, whether you want Richie like that. You know the deal."

Swallowing roughly, Eddie looks to Bill, and Bill proves useless, only shrugging, and gesturing toward Stan, as if to say, 'give the man what he wants.'

Clearing his suddenly tight throat, Eddie rubs at the back of his neck, stares down at his knees, and admits, "I... yeah. I mean... yeah. I do... I like Richie."

"How much?"

"Come on, Stan, really?"

"Really."

Eddie drops his forehead into his palms, jiggling his legs up and down, his elbows bouncing on his thighs.

"I... ugh... I - I like him more... more everyday. More than anyone, or anything should safely like anyone, or anything else. It's like - when he... when he gets near me, I feel... safe, even though he's an idiot that's way more likely to get hurt than I am, so it makes no sense. And he makes me laugh, even when I don't want to, and he literally fist-fought Bill once, in my honor - which, like, knowing how much he fuckin' loves Bill, I know how hard that was for him, how angry he must have been, and scared - scared for me - and knowing he cared that much, even back then... I think I knew then too, maybe. I just... didn't know I was allowed to want that."

He inhales shakily, and reaches for his inhaler, but doesn't grab it. He returns his hand to his head.

"I like that he wants to protect me, and that he sticks up for me when I'm not there to defend myself - that he takes care of me, even if he won't necessarily get rewarded for it. I like that he invites me everywhere, and that he waits up for me if I have trouble standing my bike up, or I need to take my pills. I like his stupid hair, and his ugly glasses, and his Bugs Bunny teeth, and, secretly, I even sort of like his really hideous shirts. I like him so much... Stan, I like Richie so much, I'd - I'd take his last name, if he liked it on me better. That's how much I like him."

Checking to see if his answer suffices, Eddie cautiously lifts his head to look at Stan, and he finds Stan smiling kindly at him.

"He said, 'I want Eds,' like he was gonna cry if he didn't get to see you that very second - Bill asked him if he wanted us to call you, and have you come over, or bring him to you, but then he said, and I quote, 'no, don't do that. I'm drunk, Bill, I can't see Eddie while I'm drunk. I'll wind up saying something stupid, like that I'm in love with him.' Bill asked him if that was stupid, or if it was true, and Richie said, 'yes,' and then threw up what I imagine was an entire liter of vodka."

Staring with round, searching eyes, Eddie asks, "he said he was in love with me?"

"He laments the fact every chance he gets," Stan answers, smiling coyly, "He was going in and out of consciousness on the back patio, and Bill asked him if he was really in love with you, and if he was, how did he know. And Richie," Stan begins to giggle, "drunk out of his Goddamn mind, smashed beyond recognition, turned to Bill, and slurred out, 'for if I told the sea what I felt for him, it would leave its shores, its shells, its fish, and follow me.'"

“He said that!?” Eddie asks, blushing darkly, touching his own cheek to feel the heat coming off him.

“That’s a poem,” Stan tells him, “The original poem is by Nizar Quabbani, and it goes ‘had I told the sea what I felt for you, it would have left its shores, its shells, its fish, and followed me.’ I only know that poem because I looked it up afterward, though - Richie’s well-spoken when he needs to be, but not *that* well-spoken, and he was smashed - I knew there was no way that was a Tozier Original. I knew it must’ve been something he learned. I searched his room the next time I stopped by his house, and I found a book of assorted poems in his bedside drawer.”

The significance of this being lost on Eddie, Stan sighs, and shakes his head.

“ *Richie Tozier* took up reading, and memorizing *romance poetry* , Eddie, because his not-so-secret-pining for you wasn’t torture enough,” Stan tells him with a smirk, “So, yeah. I’d say it’s a safe bet that he’s in love with you.”

“Did he say... did he say anything else?” Eddie wonders shyly.

Bill snorts a laugh, and replies, “he had a l-lot to s-say about your r-running shorts.”

“Oh my God,” Eddie murmurs, hiding his face again, as Bill and Stan laugh.

“Kid’s head is full of sappy love poems, and vivid pornography revolving around your tiny, red, running shorts -”

“ *Guys* ,” Eddie anguishes.

“He kept saying stuff like, ‘those shorts drive me crazy, those shorts should be illegal,’” Stan chuckles.

“I was m-messing with him, and s-said, ‘b-but how will Eddie k-keep c-cool, then, Rich?’ And R-Richie said to me -”

Both he and Stan say in unison,

“He’s t-too hot to k-keep cool!”

“He’s too hot to keep cool!”

And then begin laughing loudly enough that the librarian comes by to scold them again.

Once they’ve calmed down, and Eddie is mostly sure he’s not going to throw up from nerves, he looks at Bill and Stan, beaming at him ridiculously, and he asks angrily, “ *what* ?”

“Oh, Eddie, you’re gonna have to prepare - Richie Tozier, The

Boyfriend, has yet to be witnessed by the world at large, and we should probably cover you in bubble-wrap, and knee-pads, or something.”

“I hate you both.”

“Bill’s parents are out of town this weekend,” Stan starts, skipping the part of ‘they’re house-hunting,’ because it hurts too much to acknowledge, “Saturday night - we’ll all go over Bill’s, and we’ll ditch you both to go to my house, instead. You’ll have the Denbrough house all to yourselves.”

Eddie flushes.

“What the fuck am I supposed to do?”

“Stretch, I imagine.”

“ *Stan !*” Eddie hisses angrily.

Smiling again, Stan shrugs, “tell him what you told us, about how you feel about him - if you bite the bullet first, he’ll tell you how he feels, I know he will. He’s just scared to jump first.”

Frowning thoughtfully, Eddie considers that - he’d not really imagined Richie being scared of anything related to him. He’d always thought of Richie as being the idiot that couldn’t tell where the line

between brave, and stupid was, so just straddled it, leaning one way or another on any given day.

Maybe he's more fearful than Eddie imagined.

"How do I... uh... make sure I'm... you know... clean?" Eddie asks, glancing between Bill and Stan.

"Wash well?" Bill offers.

"No - I mean, yes, obviously, but... he... uh... when he was high, he said something about..."

"About what?" Stan prompts.

"... uhm... eating me out?" Eddie says, in the smallest possible voice he can make.

"I'd pretend to be shocked on your account, Eddie, but Richie worships your ass, and he's a huge pervert - there's really little you could say at this point that would shock me. And I'm not being facetious here, I'm saying your *literal* ass is the thing he worships."

"Please stop talking," Eddie begs, throwing his head down again.

“I-It’s true, Eddie,” Bill agrees, grinning, “R-Richie’s obsessed. If he’d t-told the sea j-just what he thinks of your a-ass alone, it’d p-probably follow him.”

“Oh my God, stop! Both of you!” Eddie implores, glancing up again, “Just - help me! If he wants to, I mean... how do I make sure it’s safe?”

Bill looks to Stan, and Stan only looks lost.

With a sigh, Bill shoves his homework aside, and says, “well, we’re i-in a libr-rary, so...”

Research commences, and Eddie begins to realize how in want his body is, the more they discuss the actual logistics of Richie and him together - he’d never considered it a real possibility before, but now a million scenarios are running through his head, and he keeps having to discreetly adjust himself.

The search for answers winds up being a lot less embarrassing than Eddie first, nightmarishly imagined it would be.

Stan and Bill make for a perfect team of non-judgmental guides, seeming eager to set Eddie and Richie up, as if it were a brilliant prank they were pulling on Richie.

Or maybe more accurately, as if they were planning a surprise party for him.

“He’s gonna lose his mind,” Stan whispers with a laugh to Bill, at one point.

The only threat Bill makes is that if they use any surface other than the guest bedroom for whatever it is they wind up doing, that he’ll find a way to ‘traumatize,’ their own bedrooms in return.

Eddie agrees to those terms.

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Mike, Ben, Bill, Stan, and Eddie are all seated in Bill’s living room, beyond casually dressed - most of them are in sweatpants, and night shirts, trying to look as nonchalant as possible.

Eddie still sticks out.

When the doorbell rings, Stan and Bill both look to Eddie, and Stan nods in the direction of the sound, encouraging him, “go get ‘im.”

Blushing, Eddie stands up, walks through the living room, up the foyer, and takes a fortifying breath before opening the front door.

“Hey, B -”

Now that Eddie knows what to look for, it astonishes him how blatantly Richie ogles him; his eyes immediately drop to Eddie's red shorts, then travel up his canary yellow sweater, and his stare just gets lost somewhere in his exposed collarbone.

There are very few times in Eddie's life where he's felt in control - this experience of absolute, unshared control over Richie is easily the most dizzying, and satisfying thing he's ever felt.

He cocks his hip to the side.

"Hey - you comin' in?"

Richie's eyes snap back up to Eddie's, and his complexion gives him away immediately.

Has he always blushed like that around me? Eddie wonders.

"Right - yeah - sorry, I've just never been over-dressed, before."

Smirking at the weak excuse, and laughing inwardly at himself for how many he's clearly bought over the years, he gestures for Richie to come into the house, and then shuts the door behind him.

They walk into the living room together, and Richie appears a little

confused.

“Okay, I’ll bite - what the fuck is going on? I’m, like, *dressed* - why are none of you dressed? What are you all doing in pajamas? It’s like six p.m!”

“We wanted to be comfy,” Mike offers.

“Yeah, that a crime now?” Stan accuses.

“No, but I just spent the last week in my pajamas, and I’m finally dressed like a human person again, and you all flipped the fuckin’ script!”

“What a hardship,” Stan agonizes for him.

“Is Stan extra bitchy tonight, or am I imagining things?” Richie asks Eddie.

“Eddie, take Richie away from me - show him that thing upstairs.”

Eddie blanches, and doesn’t respond.

Stan looks up to him, and Eddie looks at him desperately.

SHOW HIM THAT THING?? UPSTAIRS?! THAT'S YOUR FUCKIN' PLAN!? HOW TRANSPARENT DID YOU WANT ME TO BE, EXACTLY!?

Eddie doesn't actually say any of that, but his eyes must get the point across, because Stan clears his throat, and tries again, "fine, whatever - go get Richie appropriate sleepwear, to fit in with us, then. I don't want to hear him whining all night."

It's not entirely an improvement, especially because of the way Stan smirks when he says 'whining all night,' but Eddie's also not willing to risk Stan saying anything more, because anything more may just as well wind up being Stan looking Richie dead in the eye, and saying, 'listen, I'm tired, Eddie wants you to fuck him, please show the Denbrough house respect.'

Nearly angrily, Eddie grabs Richie's wrist, and tugs him up the stairs, only distantly registering Richie telling him, "hey - wait! I don't even wanna be in pajamas! I'm wearing shoes, and shit! Like a person! For the first time in a week! I expected a round of applause! What is going on!?"

Once they make it to the hallway upstairs, Eddie turns to face Richie, still holding his wrist.

Richie runs very warm, and his pulse is hard, but not very fast.

Eddie's is.

His heart's going a mile a minute.

Eddie's opening his mouth to say something when they both hear the front door open, and the bustle of people leaving - Eddie flushes more darkly, and Richie twists his head around, though they can't see the front door from where they're standing.

"What's happening? Are they *leaving* ? What's going on?"

"Richie."

"Yeah?" Richie asks, looking back at Eddie.

He takes a few breaths - once the front door is closed, and the house takes on that very unique, non-sound of an empty home, Eddie reassesses Richie, and swallows a lump in his throat.

This is more difficult than first imagined.

"Where's the funeral at, Eds?" Richie half-laughs, nervously pushing his glasses up his nose.

Knowing the answer doesn't actually matter, Eddie curls his toes in and out a few times, then says shakily, "do - uhm... listen - I gotta... I gotta ask you some stuff."

Richie looks distinctly uncomfortable, and his pulse is quickening in his wrist, under Eddie's fingers.

"Uh... okay."

"Richie, do you..." Eddie searches Richie's face, expecting a variety of emotion to be playing there, like it is in his chest, but he mostly sees blind panic rising behind Richie's eyes, and little else.

He remembers what Stan told him, then, about jumping first - that if he could just tell Richie how he feels, that Richie would likely follow in kind.

Eddie is suddenly overcome with how grateful he is to be there, with Richie - had he not gone snooping in Richie's notes, had he not taken care of Richie when he was sick, and had he not asked his friends for their help following the discoveries he made, he'd not be standing before Richie as he is.

He would have been too scared to jump first, too.

He's pretty sure there's going to be a soft landing, though, and Richie doesn't have that surety yet.

Eddie has to jump first.

So, Eddie steals himself, takes Richie's other hand, so that he's clasping both, and he stares down at their bridging arms before saying, "I like you, Richie. I like you... wow - more than... more than anyone, or anything. And, I... I wanna, uhm... I wanna kiss you, and stuff. Other stuff. I wanna do, like, objectively disgusting things with you - like, make out, and get-get naked with you, fuck around, and stuff... I wanna make you feel good, and I wanna share myself with you the way real l-lovers do. I like you that way. I wanna date you. I... do you? Do you like me like that, Richie?"

He moves his eyes back up to Richie's, and he's never seen Richie Tozier at such a profound loss for words before.

It's actually awe-inspiring to watch Richie drop his walls the way he does; a single tear falls down Richie's right cheek, and Eddie has *never* seen Richie cry before - he doesn't think he's prepared for that, he definitely didn't imagine that being part of Richie's reaction.

"This - this isn't a prank, right? Cause, you'd never do something like this to fuck with me," Richie says mostly to himself, "You wouldn't say stuff like that to me, and not be serious..."

"I'm serious, Richie."

It appears to Eddie that Richie is struggling to get a hold of himself again; he looks lost, and petrified, and moved.

Eddie's a little bit flattered.

“Richie - do you like me back?”

There's another pause, and Richie really must not have the words, because he skips an answer entirely, takes his hands back, brackets Eddie's face in them, and pulls him into a bruising kiss.

Eddie makes a small noise of surprise at the contact, how warm Richie is, how soft, and smooth, and how immediately his body agrees with the turn of events; Richie groans, sounding tortured, and backs him up against a wall.

His fingers thread up into Eddie's hair, turning him whichever way, and Eddie opens his mouth, eager to give Richie what he hopes it is Richie wants, and, in response, Richie nearly squashes him against the wall, pressing them together.

“I want - I want you,” Richie huffs, his voice crackling like a bonfire, “Eddie, you have no idea - you have no idea - I want you so bad -”

Flushing, Eddie asks, “and you'll be my boyfriend?”

Richie actually lets out a sob at that, hiding his face in the crook of Eddie's neck, and announcing, “oh, God, Eddie, I promise I'll be the best boyfriend in the world - I'll get you flowers everyday, I'll rub your feet, I'll let you copy all my homework - the real question here is why in the fuck do *you* wanna date *me* ?”

“Cause someday I - I wanna be Mr. Edward Tozier.”

Head snapping back up, eyes wide and shining, Richie stares at him in awe.

Eddie smiles sweetly.

“Gotta date first, I figure. I gotta tell you, though, your signature as Richard Kaspbrak didn’t look half bad to me.”

It may not be physically possible for Richie to turn any redder than he is, and gaping like a fish, Eddie decides to rescue him.

“Hey - I’m in, Rich. I’m not jerking you around - I want it. I want you. Let’s be gross together, okay?”

Eerily, Richie remains silent - Eddie’s never gotten so many words in before, with Richie Tozier present. It’s unlike him to be so quiet, but it’s like he’s lost his footing, or he’s sleep-walking.

He’s like a big, dumb dog chasing a car, or something , Eddie thinks bemusedly, *He didn’t think he’d ever get this far, and now he’s got no idea what to do.*

Patiently taking Richie’s hands into his again, Eddie turns them around, walking carefully backward toward the Denbrough’s guest room.

Richie's hands are trembling in the cup of Eddie's, as he walks backwards, leading them to the bed, and Richie does nothing but look bewitched.

"Do you... do you remember telling me what you want?" Eddie asks, "Telling me the things you wanted to do to me?"

He puts Richie's hands on his waist, on the underside of his oversized sweater, and watches Richie shiver.

"I -" Richie begins thickly, "I what?"

"I know you want me, Richie. I know you wanna fuck me."

Looking terribly guilty, Richie tears his eyes away from Eddie's waist, to his own shoes, and nearly tries to move his hands away in shame, so Eddie tugs harder on his hands, pressing them against his warm skin.

"Don't - don't do that," Eddie admonishes, "I like it. I *want* you... I want you to be like that. With me. Want me. I like that you want me, Richie - I want you, too. I wanna know how much..."

"You wanna know how much I want you?" Richie asks disbelievingly, looking at their hands incredulously.

Eddie nods certainly, "yeah."

Biting his lip, Richie replies, "I don't know if... I... I don't know if I can control myself, Eddie. I..."

"So, lose control," Eddie offers, though not lightly.

Richie's eyes finally meet his again, and Eddie hears the quiver in Richie's voice when he repeats, "lose control?"

"Yeah," Eddie nods, "Do what you want to me."

Richie's grip goes tight, and Eddie's breath catches.

"I... you know - just, you know that the second you want me to stop, you tell me, and I will, I'd never hurt you, okay? I -"

"Richie."

"Mm?"

Winding his wiry arms around Richie's neck, Eddie pulls Richie down, and tells him simply, "take me to bed."

With only a moment reserved for what little hesitation still resides in

him, Richie lifts Eddie about the hips, and follows his orders. He carries Eddie to the guest bed, kissing wherever he can, and planting him down gently.

“I - you know, I think about this outfit a lot,” Richie admits.

Eddie smirks, and tells him, “yeah - uh - something about wanting to pull my shorts down, eat me out, and plow me? I think against a desk? If I remember correctly?”

“*I said that !?*” Richie’s voice cracks.

Eddie laughs, and pulls him closer to the bed, “Richie, relax. You show your ass all the time, and this is the first time it’s ever worked in your favor. Do what you want.”

“Do... what I want,” Richie repeats, an intonation of a question somewhere in there, “You’re... sure about that?”

“I’ve never washed this thoroughly in my life, Richie, and that’s really saying something. I can sincerely tell you, I am ready, and I want you.”

Gulping like a cartoon character, apple in his throat bobbing, Richie nods, and splays his hands over Eddie’s thighs, rubbing their sensitive insides.

“Lay back for me.”

Eddie does as he's told, and watches closely as Richie toes off his shoes, takes off his socks, and strips off his jacket, then climbs over him.

It's nice that Richie is growing so tall, Eddie thinks - height is suiting him well, and getting caged in by his lithe, but athletic arms makes him feel safe, and protected.

He pushes Eddie's sweatshirt up, the callouses on his palms brushing sensitive nipples that make Eddie gasp - he hadn't known that was going to feel like it does - and it's apparent that Richie likes making him catch his breath.

Rubbing his thumbs back and forth over them, definitely able to feel how hard Eddie is getting beneath him, Richie grinds down between Eddie's spread legs, and kisses down his stomach a hot trail of building tension.

He mouths at Eddie through his shorts, breathing in deeply, and Eddie's head spins so much he has to lie down, and quit staring.

He's never had anyone else touch his dick before - it's a little frightening, almost, but it also makes him aware of how blasé he is about his own body. He's usually rough, and fast with his needs, and on particularly boring days, stuck at home, with nothing to do, he's chafed himself before.

In contrast, Richie is firm, but kind in his touch, patient, sweet, and nearly worshipful.

“Richie,” Eddie breathes out, unsure of what he wants, just knowing he wants more.

He feels Richie grip the back of his shorts, and then they’re being dragged down his legs, his underwear with them, and Richie’s lips touch his cock, and his hands grab at one of the decorative pillows, so he can shove his face behind it, and bite into the cloth to keep from yelling.

Richie’s mouth is so wet, hot like a brand, and he keeps massaging Eddie’s thighs, moving them further apart, and Eddie is humiliatingly close to shooting off.

“Richie - Richie - that’s - it’s - your mouth -”

“Mm,” Richie hums, sliding off him; his smirk is red, and swollen, “Something nice to say about Trashmouth now?”

“Oh, fuck you, Richie.”

“Fuck me yourself, you coward.”

Eddie throws the pillow aside to stare down wide-eyed at Richie, and Richie clears his throat nervously, before adding, “I mean - unless

you'd rather, I mean - I'm good, like, either way - it's cool -"

"Richie, do you want me to fuck you?"

Richie's face turns bright red, and even for a guy that walks around being obvious, and loud about everything he thinks, and feels, it's an enormous tell.

"T-Table that," Eddie encourages him, "I - I could, uh... I could definitely be into that. I just... it took a lot of practice to get myself ready for tonight, and I -"

"You practiced?"

"I mean... with my fingers, yeah."

Richie rests his head on the foot of the bed, and mumbles something about going to Hell, and then he announces, "okay, I - I gotta manhandle you, Eds. You ready for this?"

"I told you it's okay to lose control, and do what you want. I'm ready," Eddie tells him.

Eddie quickly finds himself on his elbows, and knees, bare, and eager in a way he's never experienced before.

Crouched behind him, Eddie feels Richie knead his cheeks, holding them, groping them, and parting them with his big, spidery hands, and he really wishes it didn't turn him on.

His cock throbs strictly to spite him.

The cool air moves over his newly exposed skin, and he feels his hole contract - he blushes furiously, and hides his face in the crook of his arm, because he knows Richie sees it, that Richie's watching him, and he loves it.

He hates that he loves it, but even as he urges his brain to please not enjoy being exhibited like a sex toy to Richard Tozier, every hormone in his body flips him off, and just turns up the temperature from his hairline to the soles of his feet.

Maybe he'll come to peace with that bit of sexuality in him, eventually. It's still very new - Eddie figures it's okay that he be embarrassed for a while. The embarrassment certainly isn't stopping him, in any case.

He feels Richie's rough thumb rub the sensitive skin behind his sac, and then there's a hot breath between his cheeks, and his shoulders jump up to his ears, and the sheets he hadn't realized he was gripping get twisted hard.

First, Eddie feels something soft, hot, and wet move behind his sac, up his perineum, and he gives a full-body shudder at the unprecedented pleasure it gives him when that pressure finally presses gently at his rim.

“Oh, God,” he whimpers, his voice high in his throat.

He can feel Richie humming against him, taking pleasure in it - his tongue moves around his rim, and then Richie pulls away, hesitating.

“R-Richie?”

“Did you... Eddie, did you put toothpaste around your asshole?”

Laughing a little, Eddie answers, “it seemed polite?”

Laughing a *lot* , Richie smacks one of his cheeks, and says, “Jesus fuckin’ Christ, Eds, I’m so in love with you.”

“So - is that right? Was that a good thing to do?”

“Eddie, I couldn’t give less of a shit. I just love how neurotic you are.”

“Hey, I’m not - *anh* !”

Richie dismisses him by delving back between his cheeks, lapping at him, swirling his tongue into him, and pressing his fingertips into

either cheek, and thigh.

Eddie wasn't sure what to expect, sensory-wise, but what occurs feels a lot like drunkenness. His mouth waters, his eyelids get heavy, his heart is thumping away, and his blood feels so hot, he could boil - he keeps imagining what it will be like, taking Richie into him.

He also gets to thinking about being inside *Richie* .

"Oh, God," he moans, tucking his face further into his arm, trying to hide his eagerness from the universe; his precum is dripping onto the duvet, and his thighs are shaking from the slight strain of just keeping his lower body up.

Still mouthing indecently at him, Richie moves a finger into him, and Eddie groans a cross of appreciation, and teased torture.

"Mm - you have been practicing, haven't you?" Richie asks, his breath hot, "You - you really want me, don't you?"

"Don't b-be a jerk r-right now," Eddie begs, meaning to demand another finger, but forgetting about it at the way Richie crooks the one inside him.

"I'm not - I'm not trying to be, Eds," Richie tells him, licking a stripe up from his middle finger to Eddie's tailbone, "I'm astonished is all. Like, actually, genuinely astonished."

“Oh my God, yes, I want you - more, please!”

“More?” Richie chuckles, sliding a second finger in easily, “I think we’ll need some stuff before we go any fur -”

Quickly reaching under another pillow, Eddie retrieves a strip of condoms, and a small bottle of lube, tossing them unceremoniously behind him, in the general direction of Richie.

“Uh... wow. Okay. So - you - really?”

“Richie, please,” Eddie pleads, pushing back on the two fingers inside him, “I wanna make you come, Richie.”

“I promise, Eds, you are well on your way to making that happen.”

Time probably passes, but Eddie is not fully attached to it. All he knows for a long while is a now familiar stretch, and Richie’s innately skilled mouth turning his insides to jell-o; eventually, though, Richie takes off one of the condoms, and spreads the lube in, and around Eddie’s entrance.

Eddie hears Richie slather himself too, and then the blunt head of Richie’s cock is resting against him, and his mind must be truly lost, because all he can say is, “please, please fuck me, Richie.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, Eds,” Richie curses tragically, one hand helping line himself up, the other planted firmly on Eddie’s hip.

He moves gradually, and Eddie’s glad for it - Richie might be a storyteller, but whatever he’s said about his dick, Eddie is willing to believe now. It feels thick, and heavy, and the girth is a lot to acclimate to, much more than fingers.

By the time he feels Richie’s sac hit his own, he could swear he feels Richie’s cock in his chest cavity.

It’s hard to breathe, but he doesn’t mind. He’s far from panic, and far from an asthma attack.

This is a different kind of breathlessness.

“Okay, Eds?”

“Yeah - good - it’s good - I want you to move.”

“You sure? I can go slow -”

“ *Richie !*”

“Jesus! Okay!”

Handling Eddie by the hips with both hands now, Richie guides himself partially out, and then back in; the single motion sends a tidal wave through Eddie, and he's grappling for the bed sheets without knowing he needed an anchor at all.

"Oh *God* , oh fuck, Richie, *Richie* , Richie - *unh* - fuck - *Richie* ," Eddie chants nonsensically, quickly becoming addicted to the feeling of Richie moving in and out of him.

"You're so tight, holy fuck," Richie answers through a struggling breath, his pace quickening, "I - I love you, Eds, and I - I wanna be good to you, but I gotta - gotta tell you, man, this is gonna be over, like, really fast."

Weirdly flattered, Eddie finds he doesn't mind - then Richie changes the angle of entry, and Eddie sees stars.

"Again!" Eddie shouts, "Fuck! There! Again! Right there!"

Richie might reply, but Eddie doesn't hear it over his heartbeat in his ears; whatever it is, it doesn't matter, because Richie finds that spot again, and keeps at it.

" *Oh - oh - oh - oh, fuck* , fuck, fuck - Richie - *Richie* ," Eddie realizes he's getting loud, but he can't really stop himself; his entire body is this shimmering, new pleasure, and there's nothing in his head but a fireworks show, and that citrus shampoo Richie uses.

“Eds, baby, I’m gonna come - I’m - I can’t keep this up - tell me what you need -”

Picking his head up from his arm to respond somehow, Eddie realizes, to his horror, that he’s drooling. Worse, though, is that his body is giving him tightening, warming, tingling signals from his chest down to his groin that Richie won’t have to do much more than he’s already doing for the show to be over.

Oh, God, don’t come without him touching your dick , Eddie admonishes himself, *If Richie sees you drooling like this, and you come without him even touching your dick, he’s gonna think he’s some kind of Sex God, and never let it go.*

All of that is very likely true, but all that comes out of Eddies mouth is, “harder.”

Richie obliges; Eddie *wails* .

“Faster!” he cries.

It’s done, and just as Richie is likely trying to tell him he can’t keep doing this without coming, Eddie is, untouched, painting long stripes of cum over the duvet, in thick ropes he’s never seen himself make before.

“Holy shit,” he hears Richie curse, and then Richie’s hips are stuttering, slamming against him, until he’s stopping, pulsating in him, and audibly dragging air into his lungs.

He curls over Eddie’s back, exhausted, and any shame Eddie was feeling before vanishes in the afterglow.

Richie takes his time, but does eventually find his way onto the blanket, lying next to Eddie.

“Good?”

“Phenomenal.”

“I can’t tell if you’re being sarcastic.”

“I fuckin’ jizzed a liter over here without you touching my dick, Richie, you think I’m being sarcastic?”

Laughing, a little high-pitched, and hysterical, Richie replies, “now, that’s a shining review.”

“Oh my God,” Eddie laughs, flipping onto his back, lying in his wet spot, shamelessly.

“Is that drool? Were you drooling all over this pillow?”

“Mind your business, Tozier.”

“Eds, you’re kind of a slut.”

In retaliation, Eddie throws a pillow against Richie’s head, the both of them laughing.

“It’s not a bad thing!” Richie insists, “I just had no idea you’d enjoy it that much!”

“Neither did I,” Eddie breathes out, taking note of the aches his body is forming.

There aren’t nearly enough.

“Can we do it again?”

“... what? Like, now?”

“You have somewhere to be?”

Laughing again, Richie wipes sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, and replies, “Jesus, Eds, uh... yeah. I mean, gimme a minute, but yeah.”

“How long until I can have it again?”

“Dude, what are we? Fifty, or something? This is as short as my refractory period is ever gonna be, man. Give it like five minutes. I just came so hard I whited out - it’s gonna take a second to load.”

“You whited out?”

“Like, my vision whited out.”

“... should we be worried about that?”

“I am actively choosing to celebrate it, actually, and I encourage you to do the same.”

Giggling hysterically, Eddie agrees to do just that - he starts the celebrations with planting a hickey high on Richie’s neck, and grinding down against Richie’s hardening cock.

The night is young, they are too, and, privately, Eddie hopes to himself that he never knows what laughless sex is ever like. He hopes to himself that it’s always this fun, that it’s always this freeing, and that it’s always Richie.

“Love you, Richie,” Eddie murmurs, after biting Richie’s ear.

Groaning still from that, Richie pets Eddie’s flanks, and says back, “love you too, Eds.”